

zisbakwtokanêk
gwi zhyamen



zisbakwtokan
sugar camp

Potawatomi Vowels

é-slash

a-amish

ë-bumps

o-boat

i-feet

ê-hook

tth-chip

è-speck

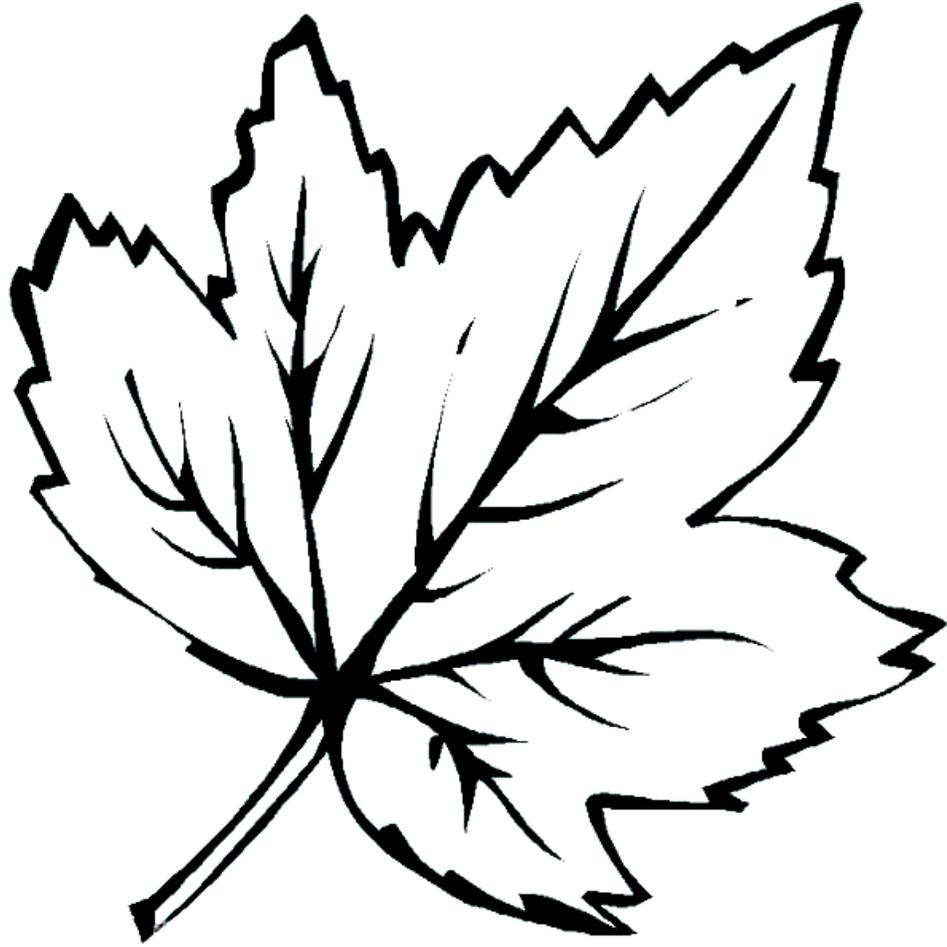
th-jump

e-lint

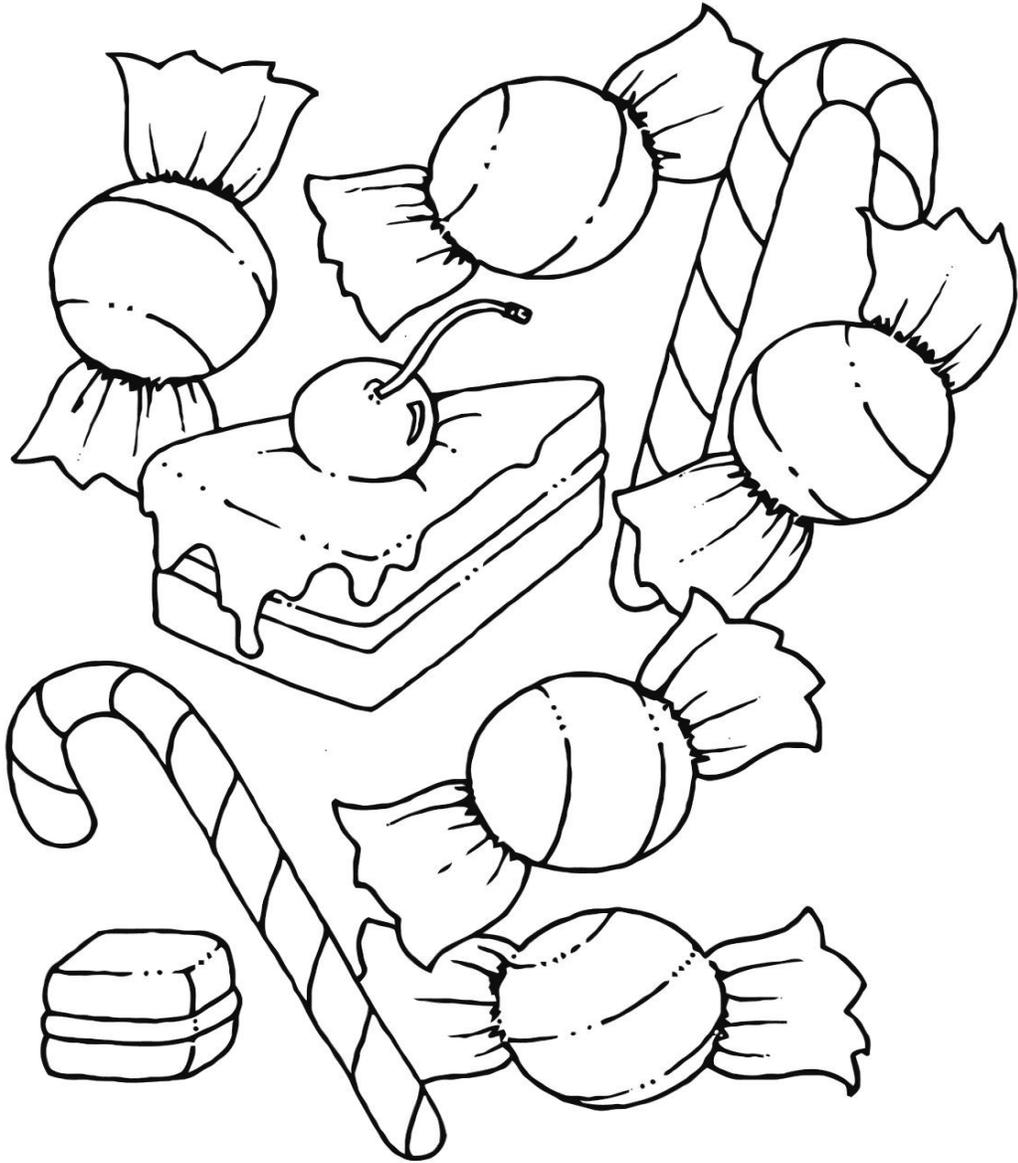
g-green



shēnāmesh



datbëk

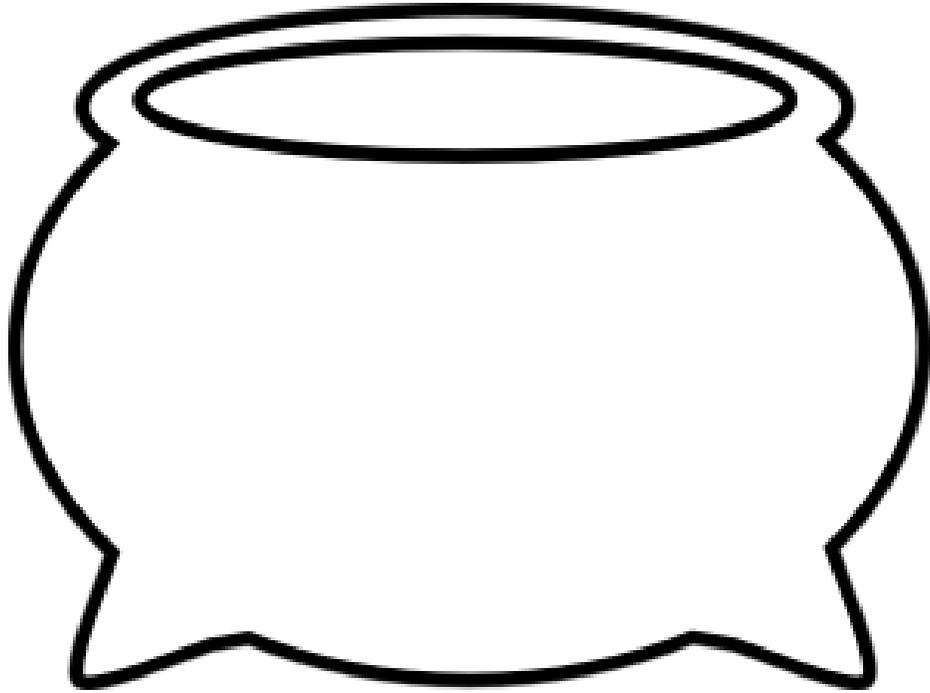


washkbëk

Plural: Washkbëgen

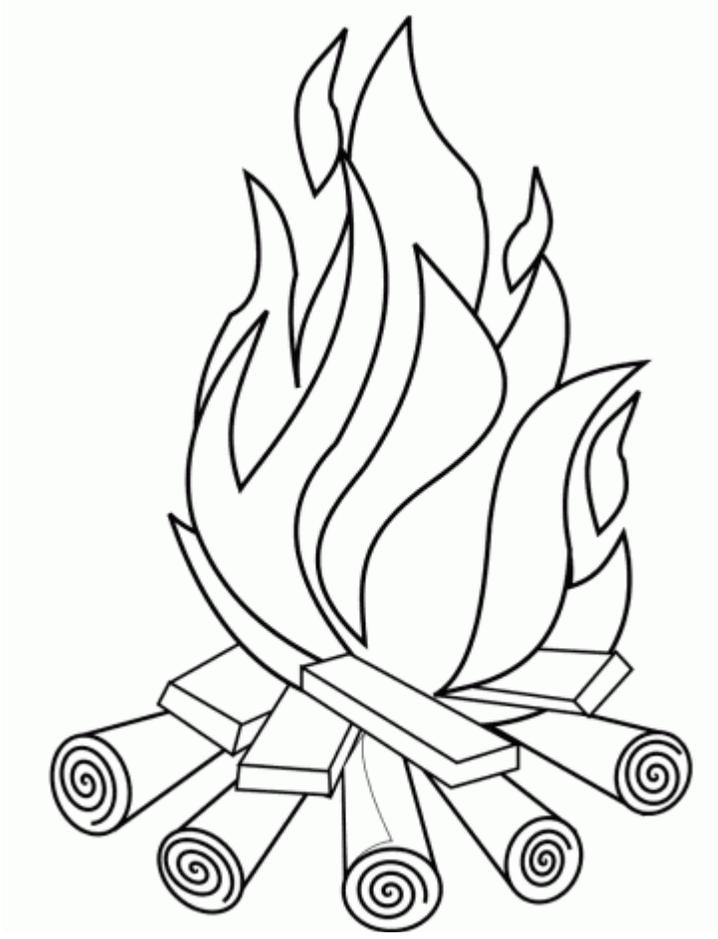


négmakwan

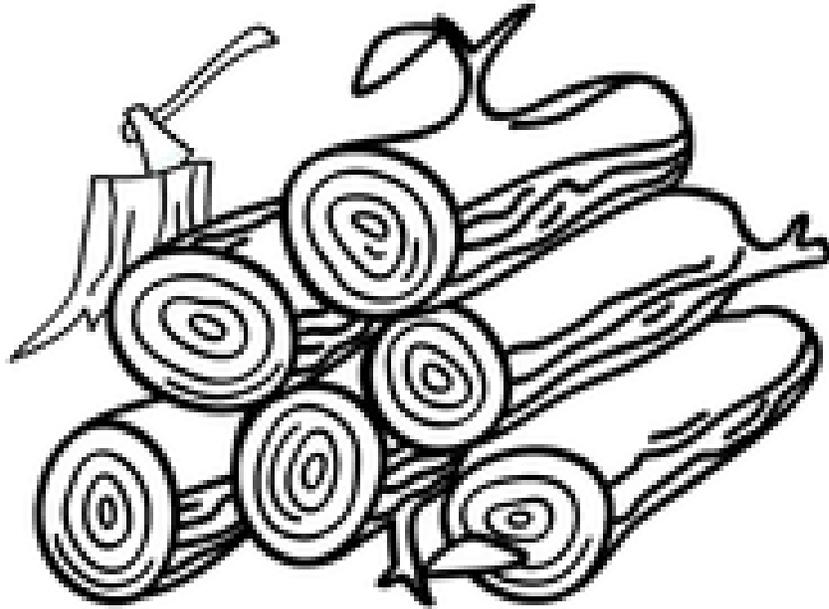


kêk

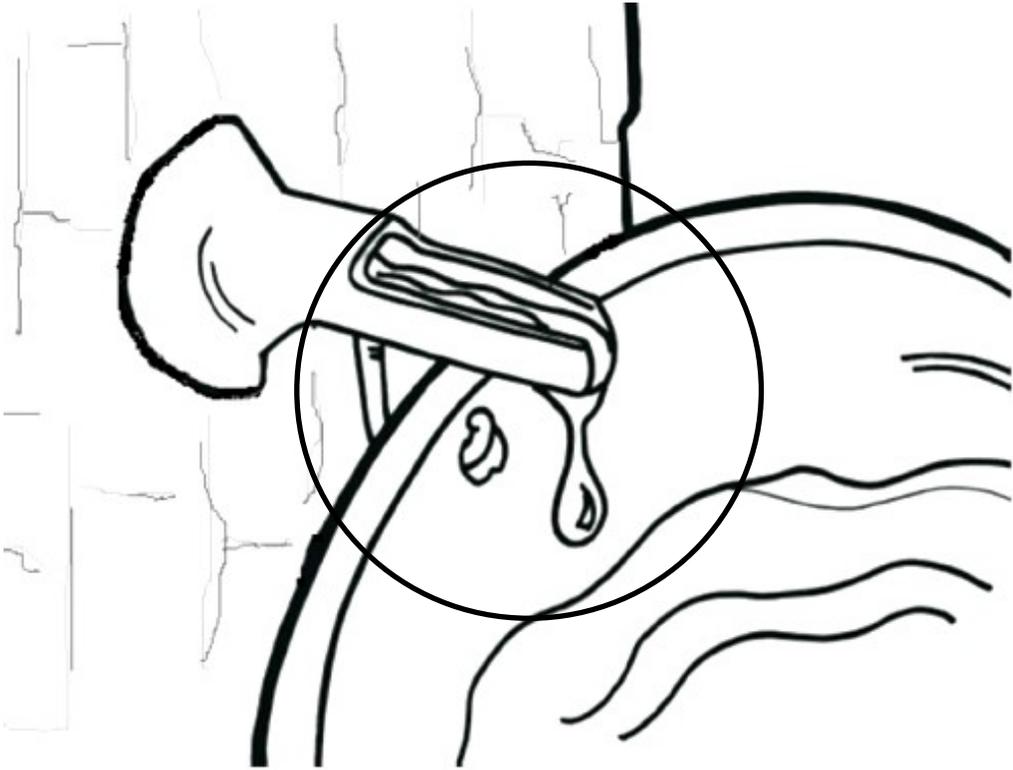
Plural: kêkok



Shkwëdé



Msén



wthëgé



ziwagmëdé



ziesbakwet

migwetth o shënamesh
migwetth o shënamesh

kë minen odë séma
kë minen odë séma

migwetth o shënamesh
migwetth o shënamesh

igwiyen odë zisbakwtabo
wa mingoyak



Nanabozho and the Maple Trees

A very long time ago, when the world was new, Ktthémnedo made things so that life was very easy for the people. There was plenty of game and the weather was always good and the maple trees were filled with thick sweet syrup. Whenever anyone wanted to get maple syrup from the trees, all they had to do was break off a twig and collect it as it dripped out.

One day, Nanabozho went walking around. "I think I'll go see how my friends the Neshnabé are doing," he said. So, he went to a village of Indian people. But, there was no one around. So, Nanabozho looked for the people. They were not fishing in the streams or the lake. They were not working in the fields hoeing their crops. They were not gathering berries. Finally, he found them. They were in the grove of maple trees near the village. They were just lying on their backs with their mouths open, letting maple syrup drip into their mouths.

"This will NOT do!" Nanabozho said. "My people are all going to be fat and lazy if they keep on living this way."

So, Nanabozho went down to the river. He took with him a big basket he had made of birch bark. With this basket, he brought back many buckets of water. He went to the top of the maple trees and poured water in, so that it thinned out the syrup. Now, thick maple syrup no longer dripped out of the broken twigs. Now what came out was thin and watery and just barely sweet to the taste.

"This is how it will be from now on," Nanabozho said. "No longer will syrup drip from the maple trees. Now there will only be this watery sap. When people want to make maple syrup they will have to gather many buckets full of the sap in a birch bark basket like mine. They will have to gather wood and make fires so they can heat stones to drop into the baskets. They will have to boil the water with the heated stones for a long time to make even a little maple syrup. Then my people will no longer grow fat and lazy. Then they will appreciate this maple syrup Ktthémnedo made available to them. Not only that, this sap will drip only from the trees at a certain time of the year. Then it will not keep people from hunting and fishing and gathering and hoeing in the fields. This is how it is going to be," Nanabozho said.

And, that is how it is to this day.



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